MARVEL

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X-MEN

DEGHAM
JFMAYER

RAID ON GRAYMALKIN

"Fans of the X-Men will appreciate this fresh take on the classic team."
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THE FIRST EXHILARATING CROSSOVER OF THE FROM THE ASHES ERA OF X-MEN!

WITH ONE OF THEIR OWN INCARCERATED, the X-Men move on Graymalkin Prison to free their teammate. But it's not just one team: In Alaska, Cyclops' X-Men scramble a rescue mission — while in Louisiana, Rogue's X-Men strike out on their own sortie! Doctrinal rivals each with their own objective, will these two fractious teams find themselves at cross-purposes? Of course they will — after all, an "X" is made by two lines crossing! Rogue and Cyclops come to blows as emotions come to a head, pitting the two groups of X-Men against one another in a place where their only chance for survival is to stand together. Xavier's dream lies shattered, and broken edges always draw blood!

COLLECTING *X-MEN (2024) #8-10* AND *UNCANNY X-MEN (2024) #7-8* — BY JED MACKAY, GAIL SIMONE, RYAN STEGMAN, FEDERICO VICENTINI, NETHO DIAZ, DAVID MARQUEZ, EDGAR SALAZAR, JAVIER GARRÓN, JP MAYER, LIVESAY, SEAN PARSONS, VICTOR OLAZABA, MARTE GRACIA, FER SIFUENTES-SUJO AND MATTHEW WILSON.

T+

MARVEL

X-MEN

RAID ON GRAYMALKIN



The **X-MEN**, led by **CYCLOPS**, have established a new base at the **FACTORY** in **MERLE**, **ALASKA**. And a second team of X-Men, led by **ROGUE**, has formed in **LOUISIANA**, where they are mentoring a new group of teenage mutants.

Meanwhile, the X-Men's former home in **WESTCHESTER** has been transformed into **GRAYMALKIN PRISON** for mutants, overseen by **CORINA ELLIS**. **BEAST** of the Alaska-based X-Men along with **JUBILEE** and **CALICO** of the Louisiana-based X-Men were abducted and are currently imprisoned in Graymalkin.

BORN WITH INCREDIBLE SUPERHUMAN ABILITIES, MUTANTS HAVE LONG BEEN PERSECUTED FOR THEIR DIFFERENCES. THE MUTANT HEROES KNOWN AS THE X-MEN WERE TRAINED BY PROFESSOR CHARLES XAVIER TO USE THEIR POWERS TO PROTECT THE WORLD THAT HATES AND FEARS THEM AND TO BRIDGE THE GROWING DIVIDE BETWEEN HUMANITY AND MUTANTKIND.

X-MEN
RAID ON GRAYMALKIN

X-MEN #8-10

WRITER
JED MacKAY

PENCILERS
RYAN STEGMAN (#8-9), FEDERICO VICENTINI (#9) & NETHO DIAZ (#10)

INKERS
JP MAYER (#8), LIVESAY (#8), RYAN STEGMAN (#8-9), FEDERICO VICENTINI (#9) & SEAN PARSONS (#10)

COLORISTS
MARTE GRACIA (#8-9) & FER SIFUENTES-SUJO (#9-10)

COVER ART
RYAN STEGMAN, JP MAYER & MARTE GRACIA

UNCANNY X-MEN #7-8

WRITER
GAIL SIMONE

PENCILERS
DAVID MARQUEZ (#7), EDGAR SALAZAR (#7) & JAVIER GARRÓN (#8)

INKERS
DAVID MARQUEZ (#7), VICTOR OLAZABA (#7) & JAVIER GARRÓN (#8)

COLORIST
MATTHEW WILSON

COVER ART
DAVID MARQUEZ & MATTHEW WILSON

VC's CLAYTON COWLES – Letterer **MARTIN BIRO** – Assistant Editor
ANNALISE BISSA – Associate Editor **TOM BREVOORT** – Editor

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X-MEN Created by **STAN LEE** and **JACK KIRBY**
JENNIFER GRÜNWALD – Collection Editor **DANIEL KIRCHHOFFER** – Assistant Editor
LISA MONTALBANO – Talent Relations Specialist **JEFF YOUNGQUIST** – VP, Production & Special Projects
JAY BOWEN – Book Designer **ADAM DEL RE** – Manager & Senior Designer
TIM SMITH 3 – Sr. Manager, Digital **RACHEL YOUNG** – Digital Production
DAVID GABRIEL – VP, Print & Digital Marketing **C.B. CEBULSKI** – Editor in Chief

X-MEN
#8

--I THINK YOU'LL BE *QUITE* PLEASED, *PRESIDENT LOPEZ.*

PLEASED ENOUGH TO FORGIVE THE LONG FLIGHT FROM *TERRA VERDE,* I'LL WAGER.

I HARDLY *NOTICED* THE FLIGHT, WARDEN.

I WAS SO *PREOCCUPIED* BY THE CHANCE TO MAKE *RIGHT* THE *WRONGS* DONE TO *MY PEOPLE.**

*SEE X-FORCE (V6) #6! --TOM

VERY *POETIC,* PRESIDENT LOPEZ.

AND, OF COURSE, A SHOW TRIAL FOR *HENRY McCOY, ARCHITECT* OF THEIR MISFORTUNES, WILL MAKE IT MUCH *EASIER* TO HIDE THE *ENVIRONMENTAL DEVASTATION* BEING WREAKED BY YOUR *ROXXON PUPPET MASTERS.*

ROXXON ENERGY HAS BEEN A *GOOD FRIEND* TO THE PEOPLE OF TERRA VERDE, WARDEN, OPERATING *WITHIN THE LAW.*

I *RESENT* THAT INSINUATION.

PRESIDENT LOPEZ, AS LONG AS TERRA VERDE MAKES *ITS GENEROUS CONTRIBUTION* TO GRAYMALKIN'S OPERATING BUDGET...

...I DON'T PARTICULARLY *CARE* WHAT YOU FEEL ABOUT ANY INSINUATIONS.

AH. HE'S *AWAKE.*

HELLO, YOU HORRIBLE BEAST.

WELCOME TO GRAYMALKIN PRISON.

THE FACTORY. MERLE, ALASKA.

HANK'S BEEN TAKEN.

I'LL CLARIFY.

AN *X-MAN* HAS BEEN TAKEN.

TARGET?

I WAS ON THE PHONE WITH BEAST WHEN HE GOT *GOT.*

I'VE SKIMMED THE SHORT-TERM MEMORIES OF EVERYONE WHO WAS AROUND, PUT TOGETHER A *MODEL* OF WHAT HAPPENED.

"HE WAS CAPTURED IN MERLE."

I LOSE TRACK OF HIM UNTIL SOMEONE SEES AN UNKNOWN SMALL AIRCRAFT, ASSUMING IT'S ONE OF *OURS.*

I THEN PICK UP *MEMORIES* OF *COMMERCIAL PILOTS* NOTICING THAT AIRCRAFT ON A FLIGHT PATH THAT I PREDICTED.

A PATH THAT LEADS TO *WESTCHESTER, NEW YORK.*

HANK'S IN GRAYMALKIN PRISON.

IT'S TIME WE BROKE IT.

DO YOU MEAN "BROKE IN"?

NO.

QUENTIN, COPY-PASTE THE BATTLE PLAN OUT OF MY BRAIN AND INTO THE COMMON KNOWLEDGE POOL AND READY THE *HELLIONS PROTOCOL.*

X-MEN, *GEAR UP.* WE'RE *MOVING.*

SLOW DOWN, SCOTT.

YOU'RE *ANGRY.* YOU'RE GOING TO MAKE A *MISTAKE.*

HANK McCOY WAS LIKE MY BROTHER. WE *GREW UP* TOGETHER.

AND THEN HE BECAME A *MONSTER,* AND I *LOST* HIM.

BUT NOW MY *BROTHER* IS *BACK.*

AND I'M NOT LOSING HIM *AGAIN.*

"SO, YES.

"I AM ANGRY."

GRAYMALKIN PRISON. MEAL HALL.

WHAT...

...WHAT *IS* THIS, JUBILEE?

IT'S *FOOD*, CALICO. FOOD FOR *MUTANTS.*

OR SOMETHING *RESEMBLING* IT.

OH. I DON'T THINK I *LIKE* IT.

COULD I HAVE SOMETHING *ELSE*, PLEASE?

WE'RE IN *PRISON*, CALICO.

"LIKE" DOESN'T ENTER INTO IT. "SOMETHING ELSE" DOESN'T *EXIST.*

JUST WHATEVER THE *LOWEST BID* FOR THE "MUTANT CHOW" CONTRACT TURNED OUT TO BE.

*WHY ARE J+C IN PRISON? SEE UNCANNY X-MEN #6! --TOM

SO EAT UP.

WE'RE ON *WARTIME FOOTING*--WE DON'T GET TO CHOOSE OUR RATIONS.

WAIT, IS THAT...? NO WAY.

HANK!

YO, HANK! OVER HERE!

OH, HELLO... *JUBILATION LEE*, ISN'T IT?

WHAT ARE YOU--OH, RIGHT.

WE'VE NEVER *MET*, HAVE WE? NOT FROM *YOUR* END.

HAVE A SEAT.

BECCA SIMON-PINETTE, SIR.

OF THE *LOUDEN COUNTY* SIMON-PINETTES.

BUT MY *MUTANT NAME* IS *CALICO*. OF THE *LOUISIANA X-MEN*.

CHARMED, MY DEAR.

DR. HENRY McCOY, OF THE *ALASKAN X-MEN*. MUTANT NAME: *BEAST*.

SO.

LOOKS LIKE *SCOTT'S* X-MEN ARE HAVING SOME PROBLEMS IF *YOU* GOT *SNATCHED*.

I *WILL* NOTE THAT THE SCORE STANDS AT *ONE* PRISONER FROM ALASKA TO *TWO* FROM LOUISIANA.

CALICO ONLY COUNTS FOR A *HALF*.

HANDS!

WARDEN ON THE FLOOR!

WOULD YOU LOOK AT THAT?

THE *TWO* MUTIES THAT I WANTED TO SPEAK WITH, SITTING *TOGETHER*.

NO, NOT "*WITH*." THAT IMPLIES A LEVEL OF... *EQUALITY*. *PEERS*.

SPEAK *TO*.

BEAST, I HAVE *GOOD* NEWS. NEGOTIATIONS ARE PROCEEDING WELL WITH *TERRA VERDE*, WHICH MEANS YOU'LL BE *LEAVING* US SOON.

TRUE, IT WILL BE FOR A *BLACK-BAG EXTRADITION* FOLLOWED BY A *SHOW TRIAL* AND *QUICK EXECUTION*, BUT I'VE NEVER CLAIMED TO BE *SANTA CLAUS*.

BUT FOR *YOU*, BECCA SIMON-PINETTE-- OF THE *LOUDEN COUNTY* SIMON-PINETTES--*YOU* MAY THINK OF ME AS BEDECKED IN JOLLY *RED* AND *WHITE*.

YOUR *FAMILY*-- YOUR *WEALTHY, POLITICALLY CONNECTED* FAMILY--HAS *GOTTEN IN TOUCH.*

IMAGINE MY SURPRISE WHEN THEY TELL ME THAT YOU ARE *NOT* A MUTANT AFTER ALL!

YOU CAN LEAVE AS WELL. GIVEN THAT YOUR FAMILY WILL BE MAKING A *SIZABLE DONATION* TO GRAYMALKIN FOR ALL THE TROUBLE, WE MAY EVEN NAME A *WING* AFTER YOU.

I'M *SURE* YOU'LL BE *HAPPY* TO BE BACK WITH... YOUR OWN KIND.

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS *SIGN* THIS *AFFIDAVIT...*

AFTER ALL--

WHAT?

...AND DECLARE THAT *YOU* ARE *NOT* A MUTANT. NOT LIKE THE *REST* OF THE *GENE-TRASH* HERE.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

I'M...

...I'M EATING MUTANT FOOD.

WITH THE *OTHER* MUTANTS.

BECAUSE MY NAME'S *CALICO.*

OF THE *LOUISIANA X-MEN.*

AND I'M A *MUTANT.*

GUARD.

THE *MUTANT* RAISED A *HAND* AFTER *"HANDS"* WAS CALLED.

HEH.

NO--

CALICO--

--HANK!

KRAK

URGGH!

IS *THAT* ALL YOU'VE *GOT, SCREW?*

IF YOU *MUST* STRIKE AN *X-MAN...*

...WHY NOT A FULLY GROWN ONE?

ALASKAN, LOUISIANIAN, I *DO* BELIEVE WE ALL LOOK *ALIKE* TO *YOU.*

PTOO

GUARDS. IT IS TIME FOR AN *OBJECT LESSON.*

KILL THE NEXT MUTANT WHO MOVES.

AND LET US GIVE THIS *REPELLENT ATAVISM* WHAT HE *WANTS,* HMM?

LAY *ON,* MACD--

AAGHH!

I *STILL* INTEND TO *SELL* YOU TO *TERRA VERDE,* BEAST.

BUT IF I HAVE TO GIVE THEM A *DISCOUNT* FOR *DAMAGED GOODS,* SO BE IT.

HANK!

DOCTOR ELLIS!

CAPTAIN EZRA TO THE WARDEN...

KRIK

BOOM

...WE'RE UNDER ATTACK!!

THEY--

--THEY TELEPORTED A WARSHIP IN!

BOOO

THAT'S *PRIMARY* GENERATORS BLOWN. MAIN TELEPORT SHIELDING SHOULD BE DOWN. THEIR ANTI-AIR IS...*SPICY*, TO SAY THE LEAST.

LOSS OF LIFE?

I WOULDN'T WANT TO BE ONE OF THE GUYS WHO BREATHED IN THE SMOKE FROM THOSE BURNING GENERATORS IN *TEN YEARS*, BUT FOR *NOW?*

NONE.

OUTSTANDING.

MAGIK. OUR *REINFORCEMENTS?*

EN ROUTE.

PARAMETERS?

WHAT *KIND* OF PARAMETERS?

MURDER PARAMETERS.

NEGATIVE. HURT THEM, PUNISH THEM, BUT DO NOT KILL.

THEY'RE GOING TO *COME* FOR US, FOR WHAT WE'RE DOING TODAY. STACKING BODIES ON TOP OF THAT WILL ONLY MAKE WHAT'S TO COME *HARDER.*

YOU *USED* TO BE FUN.

PLEASE.

I WAS *NEVER* FUN.

GET READY FOR THEIR NEXT PASS--

WHAT--?

EARTHQUAKE?

RUMMMMMMMMMBBLE

EARTH? NO. LIMBO.

THE X-MEN.

YES, WARDEN.

THEY'VE TAKEN OUT OUR PRIMARY GENERATORS, BUT THE AUXILIARIES WILL BE POWERING ON *MOMENTARILY.*

I'M HEADED TO THE CONTROL CENTER.

SOMEONE GET ***TRASK*** ON COMMS AND HAVE HIM SEND A COHORT OF HIS ***WOLFPACK SENTINELS*** TO THE MAIN PRISON LEVEL.

WARDEN? SHOULD WE PUT THESE MUTIES BACK AND COME WITH YOU?

DID I ***TELL*** YOU TO ***STOP*** BEATING THAT MUTIE?

KRAK KRAK KRAK KRAK KRAK KRAK KRAK KRAK KRAK

THE X-MEN DIDN'T JUST COME TO *TRENCH OUR YARD.* WE'LL HAVE *VISITORS* SHORTLY...

"...IF WE DON'T *ALREADY.*"

ALL RIGHT, X-MEN.

"QUENTIN IS MAINTAINING OUR PSYCHIC COMMS AND NAVIGATION, AS WELL AS AERIAL SUPPORT...

"...*MAGIK'S* DEMONS ARE KEEPING THE *DISTRACTION* GOING...

"...AND *JUGGERNAUT* IS IN PLACE FOR HIS ATTACK RUN."

WELCOME TO SALEM CENTER

ARE YOU ***SURE*** THESE COUNTERMEASURES ARE GOING TO WORK?

HANK BUILT THEM FROM PARTS WE STRIPPED FROM THE ***O*N*E SHRIKE SUITS*** WE CAPTURED.*

*IN X-MEN #3! --TOM

"WE'RE NOT ***INVISIBLE***, BUT THE FACILITY'S ***SENSORS*** SHOULD HAVE A HELL OF A TIME KEEPING TRACK OF US.

"THEY WON'T BE ABLE TO ***COORDINATE*** THEIR RESPONSE."

SCURVY, BRING THE ***TRUSTEES*** ONLINE, AND SOMEONE TELL ME:

WHERE ARE THE X-MEN?

I CAN'T--

SOMETHING'S ***JAMMING*** THE ***CAMERAS***--THE ***SENSORS!***

THERE! LIGHT THEM UP!

NORMAL EYEBALLS, ON THE OTHER HAND, STILL PRESENT A PROBLEM.

YOU HEARD THE MAN.

LIGHT THEM UP.

KRACK

FWOOSH

SLASH

PSYLOCKE, GET A TACTICS OVERVIEW FROM ONE OF THEIR BRAINS.

DONE.

THIS--

OH. IT'S WORSE THAN WE COULD HAVE THOUGHT.

THIS PLACE... THIS IS A PLACE OF *HORRORS.*

THEY'VE TAKEN *MUTANTS* AND *TURNED* THEM INTO *THINGS.*

"TRUSTEES," THEY CALL THEM.

KRK

KRAAK

RAAGH!

BLOB. *FRED.*

I DON'T WANT TO *HURT YOU.*

YOU *CAN'T* HURT ME.

I CAN.

TYPICAL.

Y'ALL *FINALLY* DECIDE TO QUIT *DRAGGIN' YOUR FEET* AND COME OUT *DANCING...*

...AND RIGHT AWAY, YOU GO STEPPIN' ON OUR TOES.

UNCANNY
#7

MARQUEZ!
MW

ONE HOUR AGO.

DAMMIT. DAMMIT, DAMMIT, DAMMIT.

SCOTT. CYCLOPS.

AH DON' THINK YOU *HEARD* ME TOO GOOD.

THEY TOOK TWO 'A *MINE.*

TWO OF MINE. TWO OF MY *TEAM.*

SHE'S NOT LISTENING, SCOTT. YOU'LL NEED TO BE MORE COMMANDING.

SHE'LL LISTEN. ROGUE'S REASONABLE.

SHE'LL SEE IT MY WAY.

ROGUE, LISTEN. I NEED YOU TO FOLLOW ME ON THIS.

YES, LIKE THE OLD DAYS, EXACTLY.

NO. I NEED YOU TO SIT THIS *OUT.*

NO, CYCLOPS. NOT THIS TIME.

THE "OLD DAYS" ARE *GONE,* SCOTT.

YOU CAN'T STOP US FROM GETTIN' BACK OUR *OWN.*

ANNA MARIE.

ARE YOU-- ARE YOU *MAD* AT ME?

I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S *HAPPENED.* HAVE I LET YOU *DOWN* SOMEHOW?

THAT'S A QUESTION WITH NO EASY ANSWER.

SCOTT. NO. THERE'S NOBODY AH RESPECT MORE, NOT EVEN CHARLES.

BUT WE ALL WAITED FOR YOU TO STEP *UP.*

YOU CAN'T TEACH EVERYONE TO FIGHT FOR THEMSELVES AND THEN BE SURPRISED WHEN THEY *DO.*

HE'S NOT HEARING ME.

INTENTIONAL OR NOT, HE'S NOT HEARING ME.

ROGUE. THERE ARE TOO MANY OF US.

WE ALL SHOW UP, IT'S NOT A RAID. IT'S AN ACT OF *WAR.*

*BE REASONABLE. WE DON'T **NEED** YOU. YOUR TEAM SHOWING UP WILL ONLY CAUSE BLOODSHED.*

*WE HAVE QUENTIN QUIRE **AND** PSYLOCKE. WE HAVE MAGIK, WE HAVE TEMPER. WE HAVE **JUGGERNAUT,** FOR GOD'S SAKE.*

AH AIN'T SAYIN' YOU GOT A BAD SQUAD, SCOTT.

AN' YOU LOVE 'EM, RIGHT?

IT'S NOT REALLY THAT KIND OF *TEAM,* ROGUE.

CARE FOR 'EM, THEN.

YES. SURE. I CARE FOR THEM.

GOOD ENOUGH. OKAY, THEN LISTEN UP REAL CLOSE.

YOU BES' KEEP 'EM OUTTA MY *WAY,* THEN.

SHE DIDN'T SEE IT MY WAY.

I RATHER ASSUMED.

THAT COULDA GONE BETTER.

Y'THINK SO? HERE I THOUGHT YOU WAS *PATOUT* CLEVER.

CALL OUT THE TROOPS, WILL YOU?

YES'M.

IT'S THAT *WOMAN*, WARDEN *CORINA ELLIS*.

TOOK *JUBILEE* AND *CALICO* TO THE STINKING *PRISON* THAT USED TO BE OUR *SCHOOL*.

HEY, BOY. HEY, EMBER.

WORRIED 'BOUT YOUR GIRL?

WE'LL GET HER BACK. I PROMISE, DARLIN'.

HUH.

HOW'D HE UNDO HIS BRIDLE?

NO... *NO*. NOT THE *KIDS*.

COULDN'T BE HELPED, *CHÈRE*.

THEY GOT A RIGHT TO *GO*, MOONBEAM.

HE'S *RIGHT*. I KNOW HE'S RIGHT.

...

YOU KIDS STAY *OUTSIDE* THE WALLS. AND YOU *RETREAT* IF WE GET OVERRUN.

NOW, HOW DO WE *GET* THERE?

GATEWAY OWES ME A FAVOR, MAYBE?

YEAH, *OUI*...ABOUT *DAT*.

DIS HERE *FIFOLET*. 'S TELLIN' ME HOW.

I THINK IT *WANT* A FIGHT.

GREAT, NOW EVEN THE *JEWELRY'S* GIVIN' ORDERS.

ALL RIGHT. COPY THAT.

ALTHOUGH, I AIN'T GONNA LIE. I'M GETTING MIGHTY SICK 'A ORDERS *ALTOGETHER.*

THIS IS IT, THEN.

THE FIRST CHARGE OF THE *LOUISIANA X-MEN.*

CCCCCOOL! A SSSSSSUICIDE MISSION!

REALLY? JOLLY.

UNLESS YOU'RE TEASING. ARE YOU TEASING?

RUDE!

GRAYMALKIN PRISON.

FORMERLY XAVIER'S SCHOOL FOR GIFTED YOUNGSTERS.

WESTCHESTER, NEW YORK.

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH THE BEAST, YOU NASTY *WITCH?*

MISSING DOG

THE BOOZIST BOY ALIVE TO SPOOK

CALL

YOU ARE IN NO POSITION TO DEMAND ANSWERS, MS. LEE.

AND I'D MIND MY *TONGUE*, IF I WERE YOU.

DR. McCOY IS BEING TRANSFERRED. TO PAY FOR HIS CRIMES.

PLEASE...HE... HE *HELPED* ME AND YOUR GUARDS *BEAT* HIM. HE'S *HURT.*

MS. SIMON-PINETTE, YOUR FAMILY IS PAYING A GREAT *DEAL* FOR US TO SET YOU FREE.

DON'T MAKE YOURSELF MORE *TROUBLE* THAN YOUR *MARKET VALUE,* HMM?

HERE WE ARE.

ELLIS, I WANT TO MAKE SOMETHING VERY, VERY CLEAR.

YOU HURT HANK AGAIN...

...AND I WILL *BLIND* YOU.

THEN IT'S CERTAINLY HAPPY NEWS ABOUT THE ANKLE DAMPENERS, ISN'T IT?

BBZZZT

GNGNNN!

NO!

LEAVE HER *ALONE!*

WILLFUL.

WILLFUL AND DISOBEDIENT.

YOU'LL LEARN.

"JUBILEE."

FORGET THE PAPERWORK.

GET THIS ONE IN A CELL WAGON. GET HER TO THE RENDEZVOUS POINT.

OR DROP HER AT A GAS STATION. I DON'T REALLY CARE, IF THE CHECK HAS CLEARED.

JUST GET HER OUT OF MY *SIGHT.*

YOU KNOW THE *PLAN,* QUENTIN.

TAKE OUT THE PRIMARY GENERATORS--

THEN MAKE SOME BUMPY *TOPOGRAPHY.* AND CALL ME *KID OMEGA,* SLIM.

I HATE WHEN YOU CALL ME THAT.

MAGIK?

AN ESCALATOR, PLEASE.

GOING *DOWN.*

"SLIM."

GATE PROTOCOL WE1, ACCESS 427L.

ALL RIGHT, LASS. BACK OF THE VAN, FREEDOM AFTER A SHORT RIDE.

YOUR FAMILY PAID WELL FOR THIS.

NO.

I'LL *WALK.*

FINE. IT MATTERS NOT A WHIT TAE ME.

GOOD LUCK, LASS. AND BE WARY...

"...THERE'RE WILD *DOGS* ABOUT."

I'M A MUTANT. I'M A MUTANT. I'M...

...I'M *SCARED,* MAMA.

GEEZ, WHAT *IS* THIS THING? A BLUE GORILLA?

IT'S A MUTANT.

EVEN THE *PRETTY* ONES ARE GENETIC TRASH.

AH WASN'T LYIN' TO SCOTT.

HE WAS A *ROCK* IN THE FIELD. WE ALL MADE FUN.

BUT HELL IF WE DIDN'T SNAP *TO.*

IT *HURTS* NOT TO TRUST HIM LIKE THIS.

WE'RE IN.

BUT AIN'T *NONE* OF US EXACTLY WHAT WE USED TA *BE,* SOMEHOW.

CAIN.

YOU'RE WAITING FOR THE STARTER'S PISTOL, YES?

YEAH.

THIS TIME, THE HARE'S GONNA KICK THE TURTLE'S *ASS.*

WELCOME TO SALEM CENTER EST 1692

WAIT. IS JUGGERNAUT THE *HARE* IN THIS METAPHOR?

LOOK *SHARP*, EVERYONE.

RECON SAYS THERE'S SURVEILLANCE *EVERYWHERE* HERE. AND SOME KIND OF *LETHAL* SECURITY SYSTEM.

KEEP WALKING, BECCA.

WALK HOME-- WHERE YOU BELONG.

...

I CAN'T, MAMA.

BECCA CONSTANCE SIMON-PINETTE.

FOR THE LAST *TIME*, YOU WILL DO AS YOU WERE *TOLD*.

THEY WERE NICE TO ME, MAMA.

I CAN'T *LEAVE* THEM. I'M A *MUTANT*.

EMBER, *TO ME.*

WAR HORSE.

OKAY. JUBILEE SAID THEY GOT WEAPONS JUST EVERY *WHICH* WAY.

ANY IDEA HOW TO GET IN WITHOUT NOBODY *DYIN'*?

YOU MAKE IT SOUND SO *UNPLEASANT.*

YOU ALL HEAR SOMETHIN'?

YEAH. THEN WE *ALL* HEARD IT, AH RECKON.

LIKE THE THUNDER OF *MOUNTAINS* COLLAPSING.

NOW, MAYBE IT'S JES ME, BUT I BEGINNING TA *LIKE* DAT ONE.

RRMMRMMM

AND NOW *EARTHQUAKES.* *LOTS* OF 'EM.

SCOTT'S DOIN', SOMEHOW.

NO CHOICE. IT'S SAFER *IN* THAN *OUT.* COME *ON!*

I THOUGHT I SAW LITTLE DEMONS COMING OUT OF THE DIRT.

NO ONE? JUST ME?

WELP.

THERE'S YOUR ENTRANCE, MOONBEAM.

SEE, THE THING IS...

...EVERYONE UNDERESTIMATES ME.

BUT *JUBILEE* IS NO ONE'S *HOSTAGE.*

OH, BLESSED COMMISSARY FORK, LET'S SEE WHAT GOOD TROUBLE WE CAN CAUSE.

OKAY. ALARMS GOING OFF FROM EVERY DIRECTION. THEY WON'T BE LOOKING FOR THE GIRL WITH THE CHRISTMAS LIGHTS, RIGHT?

IF I CAN BREAK THE CIRCUIT CASING...

THIS IS GOING TO *HURT,* I BET.

AURRGH!

SPOILER.

IT *DID.*

I'M COMING, HANK.

THEN I'M GOING TO SHOW THE WARDEN HOW "*DISOBEDIENT*" I CAN BE.

KID OMEGA. HAVE YOU GOT A BEAD ON BEAST?

YEAH. MEMORIES...BUT MUDDLED. COPS WITH POWER BATONS.

SUMMERS. THEY...THEY DID A NUMBER.

WHERE?

OH, DR. McCOY.

I'M SO SORRY.

THIS--

OH. IT'S WORSE THAN WE COULD HAVE THOUGHT.

THIS PLACE... THIS IS A PLACE OF HORRORS.

THEY'VE TAKEN MUTANTS AND TURNED THEM INTO THINGS.

"TRUSTEES," THEY CALL THEM.

RAAGHH!

SUMMMMERRSS!

OH.

BLOB. FRED.

I DON'T WANT TO HURT YOU.

YOU *CAN'T* HURT ME.

TYPICAL.

Y'ALL *FINALLY* DECIDE TO STOP *DRAGGIN' YOUR FEET* AND COME *DANCIN'*...

...AND *RIGHT AWAY,* YOU GO STEPPIN' ON OUR *TOES.*

I KNOW THAT TIMBRE IN HIS VOICE.

HE DON'T *WANT* NONE, BUT HE'S *READY* IF IT *COMES.*

ROGUE! GO *HOME.*

NOW.

I KNOW WHO TO WORRY ABOUT. EVERYTHING HANGS ON THEM STAYIN' COOL.

LOGAN AND *RANSOM.*

DO WE RUSH 'EM?

NOT 'LESS HE REACHES FOR HIS TEMPLE. THEN IT'S *GO.*

DAMN IT ALL TO HELL.

AND WHILE IT'S TENSE, *REAL* BACK-OF-THE-SPINE-*SWEAT* TENSE...MAYBE NO ONE GETS *HURT* HERE.

WE FIND JUBILEE AND WE LEAVE, SCOTT. WHAT YOU DO IS YOUR BUSINESS.

FOR NOW.

I SEE HIM CHEWIN' ON THAT FOR A MINUTE OR TWO.

THEN SOMETHIN' IN THE AIR *CHANGES.*

SUMMERS.

THERE'S SOMETHING *DOWN* THERE. IT'S *WATCHING* YOU.

PERIMETER SONIC ANTI-AIRCRAFT READY, CAPTAIN EZRA?

AYE, MA'AM.

FIRE AT *WILL.*

AYE, *MA'AM.*

REEEEEEEEEEEE

OH GOD!

AAAUGHHH!

AND THEN IT ALL SIMPLY GOES TO HELL.

CAIN!

TO ME, MY X-MAN.

SCURVY.

MAKE THEM *ANGRY,* WON'T YOU?

YES, WARDEN.

HE TOUCHED HIS *TEMPLE.*

GO TIME!

WAIT--NO! THAT WAS HIS *COMM* SWITCH!

AN' THEN?

WELL, ALL I REMEMBER IS WE ALL GOT *ORNERY.*

CYCLOPS!

SHOULD'VE *EXPECTED* YOU TO BETRAY US, LOGAN.

YOU SHOULDA LOOKED *OUT* FOR US DURING KRAKOA.

KID, LISTEN, I--

DON'T *CALL* ME THAT!

TRAITOR.

GNN.

GET *OFF* ME, CADET.

RECRUIT.

OR *WHATEVER* YOU ARE.

WHAT IN GOD'S NAME?

CHAMPIONSHIP WRESTLING.

OH.

AH DON'T CARE FOR *THAT.*

SMACKIN' *KIDS* AROUND NOW, SCOTT?

BEEN SPENDIN' TOO MUCH TIME IN THE *SNOW,* AH SUSPECT.

FORGOT YOUR DAMN *MANNERS.*

BAM!

KURT, WHAT ARE YOU *DOING?*

PLEASE FORGIVE ME, PSYLOCKE DEAREST.

BUT I'M AFRAID YOU MIGHT *MURDER* SOMEBODY.

QUITE POSSIBLY *ME.*

BAM!

JUBILEE!
I'VE FOUND YOU! I'VE *FOUND* YOU!
AND *WE'VE* FOUND YOU *BOTH.*
FACE *DOWN.* ON THE GROUND, *NOW.*
I SAID *NOW,* MUTIES. *NOW.*
GET BEHIND ME, BECCA.
HEY, AREN'T YOU THE SAME GUARDS WHO BEAT THE HOLY HELL OUT OF MY FRIEND THE *BEAST?*
YEAH, GIRLIE. YOU SAYING YOU'D LIKE A TURN?
ME? NAH, I'M THE *SHY* TYPE.
BUT MY *FRIEND* MIGHT.
GUESS YOU COULD SAY HE'S THE EARLY *PAROLE BOARD!*

THIS IS THE PROBLEM WITH *ALL* MUTANT SCUM.

OVERCONFIDENCE.

SEND THE TRUSTEES AND THE WOLFPACK. *FINISH* THIS.

MA'AM, THEM PUPS...THE A.I. IS STILL *SPOTTY.*

THEY'LL MAUL OUR OWN *MEN,* RIGHT AS RAIN!

DO WE NOT HAVE A *SICK BAY,* CAPTAIN?

DO IT.

HELLO! I AM DEATHDREAM.

WE ARE FIGHTING.

LET ME SHOW YOU A REALM SO MUCH *WORSE* THAN LIMBO.

CAN'T YOU SEE MAH BOY AIN'T FIGHTIN' *BACK,* GIRL?

DON'T MAKE ME *BLAST* YOU, ROGUE.

DIDJA NOT JUST *SEE* ME ABSORB THE BLOB, SCOTT?

TAKE YOUR *SHOT.*

I ALREADY *DID.*

CROSS-COUNTRY, ALL.

THE HARE WINS.

NOW WHO WANTS A STOMPING?

DAMN.

AND WE WERE DOIN' SO *GOOD* TILL JES' NOW.

STOP. *STOP* FOR A MINUTE.

LOOK AT THE *WALL.*

IS IT...?

IT'S A *CELL.*

WHATEVER'S IN THERE, THEY DON'T EVER WANT GETTING *OUT.*

YOU DON'T THINK IT'S...IS IT *CHARLES?*

THIS AIN'T DONE, SCOTT. WE BOTH KNOW IT.

YOU LAID HANDS ON *MINE.*

BUT WE GOT PRIORITIES.

IF HE'S *IN* THERE...CAIN, HELP ME *CRACK* THAT EGG?

SURE, ROGUE. SURE.

WAIT. HOLD ON. ARE WE SURE WE *SHOULD?*

I GOT A BETTER IDEA.

JUST TURN AROUND, SUMMERS.

GO HOME.

CHOICE IS SIMPLE.

EITHER YOU LEAVE *NOW*...

...OR YOU NEVER LEAVE AT *ALL*.



UNCANNY X-MEN #7 Variant by **MARK BROOKS**

X-MEN
#9

GRAYMALKIN PRISON SUBLEVEL.
FORMER MORLOCK TUNNELS.

BAMF

YIELD, NIGHTCRAWLER.

ACH! COME, COME, PSYLOCKE!

ACROBAT, *TELEPORTER*... NO ONE CAN CUT *ME*.

AND IF *ANYONE* COULD, IT WOULD BE *ME*.

I DON'T *PLAY* WITH SWORDS LIKE *YOU* DO, WAGNER.

I *KILL* WITH THEM.

AHEM.

HAVE YOU PERHAPS NOTICED THAT HAVING BEEN REMOVED FROM THE BATTLE, *NEITHER* OF US ARE EXPERIENCING THE SAME *ARTIFICIAL ANGER?*

GRAYMALKIN PRISON CONTROL CENTER.

"PERHAPS WE'VE BEEN *DANCING* AT THE *STRINGS* OF SOMEONE ELSE?"

GOD.

SO MANY X-MEN IN *MY PRISON*, AND NOT A *ONE* OF THEM IN A *CELL*. AND WITH THEM AT *INMATE X'S* DOORSTEP.

BUT WE'VE *TRUSTEES* AND *WOLFPACK SENTINELS*, SO *THAT* WILL BE REMEDIED SOON ENOUGH.

RESPECTFULLY, MA'AM, I DON'T KNOW IF THAT'S *TRUE*.

CORINA, IF I'M CONTROLLING THE *TRUSTEES*, I CAN'T CONTINUE TO PUSH THE X-MEN'S *EMOTIONS*--

THEY'RE JUST *MUTANTS*, CAPTAIN EZRA.

I'LL HAVE TO DISAGREE WITH YOU, WARDEN.

THEY'RE *NOT* JUST *MUTANTS*.

"THEY'RE X-MEN."

JUGGERNAUT! TAKE *BLOB!*

FZZZ

FZZZ

WOLVERINE!

GET *WILD CHILD* UNDER CONTROL!

YOU GOT IT, BOSS.

ON IT.

APROPOS OF NOTHING, MAGIK...

...HOW MANY TIMES HAVE *YOU* DIED?

WINDS OF WATOOMB!

THE *FIRST* TIME DIDN'T AGREE WITH ME.

I'M NOT EAGER TO REPEAT THE EXPERIENCE.

OH, YOU GET *USED* TO IT.

YOU THINK YOU WERE A LITTLE *HARD* ON LOGAN BACK THERE, IDIE?

SPARE ME.

LIKE I NEED A LECTURE FROM ONE OF WOLVERINE'S *SPECIAL GIRL SIDEKICKS.*

WELL, *DAMN.*

YOU GOT SOMET'IN' QUEUED UP, JITTER?

IIIIII DDDDON'T KNOW...GOTTA THINKKKK--

WELL, T'INK *QUICKLY--*

YOU AND ME ALWAYS *DID* HAVE A LOT IN COMMON, KYLE.

WHICH IS WHY I KNOW *GUTTING* YOU LIKE THIS IS JUST ABOUT THE SAME AS A *HANDSHAKE* TO GUYS LIKE *US.*

WHAM

GO DOWN, DAMMIT!!!

MAGIK! GIVE CAIN A *HAND.*

IT REALLY *IS* A PLEASURE TO WATCH YOU WORK. YOU'RE *HORRIBLE.*

YOU HAVEN'T SEEN ANYTHING YET, KID.

RAAA--

WHUH?

I *HAD* HIM!

SURE YOU DID, CAIN!

I *HAD* HIM! WIN-STEALER!

OH *RIGHT*, YOU USED TO DATE *QUENTIN QUIRE*. IT ALL MAKES *SENSE*--

OOF!

AAAH!

--TOO--

--FAST?

KAPOW.

YOU OKAY?

I'M *RANSOM*.

TEMPER.

THOSE SENTINEL DOGS ARE NEW.

THEY ARE.

ANY OF YOURS HURT?

NOT TOO BAD. YOURS?

I DON'T THINK SO.

SO...

...WHAT NOW, SLIM?

BZZZZZ...

SIXTEEN X-MEN, WARDEN.

WE ARE NOT EQUIPPED FOR *SIXTEEN X-MEN.*

I DON'T CARE *WHAT* LETTER THEY WEAR ON THEIR LITTLE *PERVERT SUITS.*

IT COULD BE THE *WHOLE ALPHABET* AND IT WOULDN'T MAKE A *DIFFERENCE.*

GRAYMALKIN IS WHERE WE PUT *GENE TRASH* IN THEIR *PROPER PLACE,* AND THE X-MEN ARE *NO DIFFERENT.*

SCURVY.

GO.

ENACT THE *WHITE LIGHT PROTOCOL.*

WHITE LIGHT?! WARDEN, WE *CAN'T--*

SMACK

YOU *CLAIM* TO BE A PSYCHIC TO RIVAL *CHARLES XAVIER.*

PROVE IT TO ME.

"OR NEED I REMIND YOU WHAT HAPPENS IF THEY FREE *INMATE X?*"

--AM SIMPLY SAYING THAT PERHAPS THIS ISN'T THE TIME FOR *EXPLORING.*

OUR FRIENDS ARE ENACTING A *RESCUE MISSION--*

I THINK--

I THINK WE ARE *TOO.*

UTT--!

ER.

CALL ME A *POOR MUTANT LIBERATIONIST,* BUT I DON'T THINK THAT FREEING *OMEGA RED* BACK THERE IS A PARTICULARLY *WUNDERBAR* IDEA.

NO, KURT, MY OLD FRIEND.

"OLD FRIEND"?

A MONSTER OF A *DIFFERENT* SORT IS WHAT'S REQUIRED.

ARE YOU WELL?

YOU ARE SPEAKING... STRANGELY.

A DOOR.

A DOOR WANTING A KEY.

BUT YOU'VE *BROUGHT* ME ONE, KURT.

BECAUSE I AM *NEEDED.*

ACH DU LIEBER--

NOW THAT...

...THAT WAS LIKE THE OLD DAYS.

...

IT *WAS*, WASN'T IT?

LOOK, SCOTT...

...WE'RE *ALL* X-MEN.

MAYBE IT'S TIME WE STARTED *ACTING* LIKE IT.

MAYBE IT IS.

MAYBE WE SHOULDN'T BE FIGHTING *EACH OTHER* WHEN WE'VE GOT A *WORLD* TO FIGHT.

OKAY.

WE'VE GOT OUR PEOPLE, AND WE'VE GOT SIRYN AND WILD CHILD.

ALL THAT'S LEFT IS TO CRACK OPEN THAT *CELL DOOR* AND FREE *CHARLES*--

NO.

"NO"?

WHAT DO YOU MEAN--?

I MEAN *NO.*

UNDER *NO CIRCUMSTANCES* WILL I ALLOW *CHARLES XAVIER* TO BE FREED.

YOU WANT TO LEAVE *ONE OF US* HERE?

AFTER SEEING WHAT THIS PLACE *IS?*

THIS IS WHAT YOU CALL "MUTANT LIBERATION"?

YES.

THIS *IS* WHAT I CALL "MUTANT LIBERATION."

WE ARE FREE.

YANK

DON'T YOU SEE?

XAVIER HAS *ALWAYS* MANIPULATED US. *WILL* ALWAYS MANIPULATE US, ALL FOR THE SAKE OF THE *DREAM.*

AND WHAT HAS THAT GOTTEN US?

NOW? WE'RE *FREE* OF XAVIER'S DREAM.

FREE TO FOLLOW DREAMS OF OUR *OWN.*

BECAUSE HE'S IN *THERE.* AND WE'RE OUT *HERE.*

YOU LET *CHARLES XAVIER* BACK OUT INTO THE *WORLD?*

THEN THAT'S ALL *OVER.* THEN WE'RE ALL BACK ON HIS *LEASH.*

NO.

THIS IS *WRONG.*

HE MADE ME *WATCH.*

WHEN HE MURDERED THE CREW OF THE *AGNEW.**

WAS THAT *RIGHT?*

**SEE* FALL OF THE HOUSE OF X #4! *--TOM*

I'M NOT LEAVING ONE OF OUR *OWN* IN *PRISON.*

AND I'M NOT SACRIFICING THE FREEDOM OF EVERY MUTANT ON THIS *PLANET.*

YOU GET *OUT OF MY WAY,* OR I GO *THROUGH* YOU.

THEN YOU'LL HAVE TO *KILL* ME. OR HAVE *LOGAN* DO IT, MORE LIKELY.

THERE'S NO COMING *BACK* FROM THIS, ROGUE.

I WAS GOING TO SAY THE SAME THING.

PLEASE.

BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE IN TIGHT CLOTHES FIGHTING EACH OTHER.

LET ME MAKE THIS SIMPLE FOR YOU:

NONE OF YOU ARE LEAVING GRAYMALKIN.

AND WHO THE HELL ARE *YOU* SUPPOSED TO BE, BUB?

SNIKT

SNIKT

SOMEONE WHO *REALLY* KNOWS WHAT IT MEANS TO FOLLOW THE DREAM OF ANOTHER. AT *ANY* COST. *EVERY* COST.

CORINA ELLIS *UNDERSTANDS* WHAT YOU ARE. WHAT *WE* ARE.

AND I'LL SACRIFICE EVERYTHING I AM FOR THAT DREAM.

THIS MATTER IS NOT SETTLED.

MAGIK, TAKE HIM.

STOP HIM, GAMBIT.

ALL THIS WORRY ABOUT *XAVIER*...

...AND YOU NEVER STOPPED TO *THINK* ABOUT *WHO* COULD KEEP THE "WORLD'S MOST POWERFUL PSYCHIC" *LOCKED DOWN?*

WHITE LIGHT PROTOCOL.

S-SORRY... SOR-RY, C-CYKE...

NEED A H-H-HAIL MARY--

GOTTA--

GOTTA GET THE--THE *ONE GUY*--

...THAT'S OUR *ONE CHANCE*--

INMATE X

CLUNG

CHUNG

RAAAAAGHH!

THANK YOU, CAIN, BUT THE EFFORT IS ENTIRELY UNNECESSARY.

DESPITE THE NAME, I'M AFRAID "INMATE X" DOES NOT REFER TO *ME*.

NO, THEY CHOSE TO BURY *ME* DEEP *UNDERGROUND.* AS BEFITS A *DEAD MAN.*

BUT HERE I STAND, RESURRECTED.

FROM THE ASHES, AS IT WERE.

UNCANNY
#8

INSIDE GRAYMALKIN PRISON. BEDLAM REIGNS.

SHE SLAPPED ME.

SHE SLAPPED MY FACE.

WORSE THAN THAT...

YOU *CLAIM* TO BE A PSYCHIC TO RIVAL *CHARLES XAVIER.*

PROVE IT TO ME.

...SHE DOUBTED ME. AFTER ALL I'VE DONE FOR HER.

SHE *DOUBTED* ME.

SMACK

SHE'S NEVER DOUBTED ME BEFORE.

I WENT ON HER PODCAST, I WENT TO TELL HER...

meet Dr. Corina

...THAT NOT *ALL* MUTANTS WERE DANGEROUS.

SHE HAD AN ANSWER FOR EVERYTHING. SHE EVEN FLIRTED WITH ME.

OF COURSE, BACK THEN, I LOOKED LIKE *THIS.*

SHE WANTED TO KNOW EVERYTHING ABOUT MY POWERS.

I TOLD HER, EVERY TIME I USED THEM, IT *ATE* AT ME. *INSIDE.*

SHE SAID IT WAS A SACRIFICE THAT HAD TO BE MADE.

AND SHE STOPPED CALLING ME "PHILLIP"...

...AND STARTED CALLING ME "SCURVY."

I'M A FOOL, I KNOW IT.

RAID ON BRAINIAC'S PARTY

AND MY OWN PEOPLE ARE GOING TO DESPISE ME FOR THE BLOOD I WILL SHED TONIGHT.*

*MORE DETAILS FOUND IN X-MEN #9! --TB

CAIN'T *THINK.*

S'LIKE GETTIN' A *ROOT CANAL* IN YOUR WHOLE *SKULL.*

THIS IS MY *TEAM.* MY *FAMILY.*

AND THEY'RE MELTING LIKE *CANDLES.*

WHOEVER YOU ARE, WHATEVER *ROCK* YOU CRAWLED OUT FROM, MISTER?

I'M GONNA BASH YOUR *HEAD* IN WITH IT.

MAGIK. CAN YOU GET US *OUT* OF HERE?

I *CAN'T.* I CAN BARELY FORM *WORDS.*

MOST 'A US AIN'T FLYERS, AN' EVERY INCH I GET CLOSER TO 'IM MAKES THE PAIN *BURN* MORE.

I'M SORRY, ROGUE.

I HAVE MY *ORDERS.*

AW, COME ON. NO. NO!

NOW, PLEASE.

THE *ADULTS* ARE TALKING.

GNNNNNNH!

WELL.

I WISH I COULD SAY WE'D MET UNDER BETTER CIRCUMSTANCES.

PHILLIP, IS IT?

IT'S SCURVY, CHARLES.

"PHILLIP" IS LONG GONE.

HAVE WE MET, MR. SCURVY?

NO, CHARLES. BUT I'VE BEEN AWARE. HOW COULD I NOT?

AND YOU ARE HOLDING MY X-MEN IN THRALL.

AND MORE.

THAT'S NOT POSSIBLE. I WOULD KNOW. CEREBRO WOULD KNOW.

I'M SORRY, CHARLES. YOU ARE NOT THE ONLY ONE OF YOUR KIND.

THERE ARE FIVE OF US. **WERE** FIVE OF US.

THE BOY. HARVEY X, HE WAS CALLED.

HE DIED. IF YOU LIVE, YOU CAN ASK **ROGUE** ABOUT IT.

WE CALL OURSELVES THE AVIANS. AND WE WANTED NO PART OF YOUR BLOODY WARS.

I DON'T BELIEVE YOU.

I WOULD... I WOULD **KNOW**. I WOULD **SENSE** YOU.

DO YOU WANT TO KNOW WHAT HE DIED OF, CHARLES?

A TUMOR. ON THE BRAIN STEM.

WE ALL HAVE IT.

SO DO YOU.

YOU'RE DYING, CHARLES.

SKINNY BOY'S DISTRACTED, AN' JUGGY KNOCKED ME OUTTA HIS *LOOP*.

OKAY. WHAT DO I *DO*, BEIN' OFF THE LEASH LIKE THIS?

BUT I ALREADY *KNOW* THE ANSWER, DON'T I?

DAMMIT.

IT HAS TA BE *HIM*.

FORGIVE ME, REMY.

GET IT TOGETHER, SCOTT.

YOU NEED FURTHER WHUPPIN', SUMMERS?

I'M GOOD, THANKS.

WHERE DO WE STAND AT THE MOMENT?

WELL, NEAR AS AH CAN FIGURE, CHARLES AND THAT SCURVY FELLA ARE DOIN' THE BIG, SCARY *TELEPATHIC* THING.

AND HE'S STILL GOT AHOLD OF OUR *TEAMS.*

SPEAKING OF WHICH...

...BRINGING *KIDS* INTO A WAR ZONE, ROGUE?

WHAT ARE YOU EVEN *THINKING?*

THEM *"KIDS"* CAME TO GET ONE O' THEIR *OWN* BACK.

AND DON'T YOU TAKE A TONE WITH *ME,* SUGAH.

'LEAST WE DON'T HAVE *MAGNETO* ON OUR TEAM.

AH'M NEVER GONNA BE YOU, SCOTT.

AN' *YOU'RE* NEVER GONNA BE *PROFESSOR X.*

...

GOOD.

OKAY, MR. TAKE CHARGE. WHAT'S THE NEXT STEP?

I WATCH CHARLES. YOU WATCH THE SICKLY FELLOW.

WE PICK SOMEONE FROM EACH OF OUR TEAMS TO SHAKE THE REST OUT.

ROGER THAT. WHO?

MAGIK AND *WOLVERINE.*

I MEAN.

RIGHT?

BUT, ROGUE. I KNOW WE'RE ON OPPOSITE SIDES OF THIS.

YOU KEEP HALF AN EYE ON *CHARLES* TOO.

HE'S NOT WHO WE *THOUGHT.*

"NOT WHO THEY THOUGHT."

THAT IS IRONIC, ISN'T IT, CHARLES?

YOU'RE TRYING MY PATIENCE, PHILLIP. SO I WILL SAY TO YOU...

...LET MY PEOPLE GO.

LET MY PEOPLE...

...GO.

C'MON DOWN, DEATHDREAM. WE DON'T WANNA *BE* HERE FOR THIS.

MR. WOLVERINE. WHEN WE FIRST MET...

...I'M SORRY I BELTED YOU.

I HAD IT COMIN', KID.

I AM GOING TO VOMIT, I THINK.

YES, MOST DEFINITELY. UURRRPP.

Oooh, look at the *colors!*

SO, WE STILL TRYIN' TO *KILL* EACH OTHER, MAGIK?

CYCLOPS SET THE MURDER PARAMETERS TO ZERO, SO I SUPPOSE NOT.

DECENT OF HIM.

TRUTH IS, I'M TOO TIRED TO MURDER YOU, LOGAN.

I MISSED YOU TOO, DARLIN'.

AND *WHY* ARE YOU *STARING* AT ME, LITTLE EARTHQUAKE?

N-N-N-NOTTHING... IT'S JUST-T-T...

YOU'RE S-S-SO *C-C-COO*OOOLL!

A BOY CAN' HELP BUT NOTICE YOU SAVE 'IM *LAST*, *CHÈRE.*

BEST FOR LAST.

LIKE A BEIGNET WITH EXTRA POWDERED SUGAH.

MY FRIENDS. PYSLOCKE AND I DISCOVERED A HIDDEN *TRUTH.* WE ARE NOT *MEANT* TO BE FIGHTING.

IT'S THE *SICK* ONE. *SCURVY.*

HE'S MANIPULATING OUR WORST *EMOTIONS,* TELEPATHICALLY.

HAVE YOU NOT NOTICED THE ANGER SUBSIDING SINCE HE'S BEEN DISTRACTED?

I HAVE. BUT I ALSO KNOW ONE MORE THING.

THAT DON'T EXPLAIN *ALL* OF IT.

WE'RE BROKEN.

WE'RE JUST BROKE.

THERE'S SOMETHING MORE, ISN'T THERE?

THE DOOR.

WHO IS BEHIND THE DOOR, PHILLIP?

WHO IS INMATE X?

INMATE X

DON'T YOU KNOW, CHARLES?

NOW, WITHOUT ALL THE SEDATIVES, CAN YOU NOT FEEL HIM?

PHILLIP... HE'S LOSING, MA'AM.

I SEE THAT. GET ME A RIFLE.

DR. ELLIS, YOU'RE NOT *TRAINED*--

A *RIFLE*, CAPTAIN.

YOU CAME HERE.
TO SAVE *ME?*
WELL, YEAH, CALICO, BUT DON'T...
WE'RE *FRIENDS. MUTANT* FRIENDS! THE FOOD HERE IS *TERRIBLE!*
AW, CRIPES.
I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENING.
SO, DO US ALL JUS' *WAIT* HERE WHILE THE BRAIN BOYS WRASSLE IT OUT?
ACTUALLY, I WAS JUST ABOUT TO--
EH, MAY I DIRECT YOUR ATTENTION TO THE *COMMANDANT?*
OH. *HER* AGAIN.
TO THOSE OF YOU UNAWARE, I AM WARDEN CORINA ELLIS.
AND YOU ARE ALL *TRESPASSING.*
I TOL' YOU *ONCE,* LADY. ALSO?
I FREAKIN' *HATE* WHAT YOU'VE DONE TO THE PLACE.
DR. ELLIS.
I URGE YOU TO TAKE A LOOK AROUND AND RECONSIDER YOUR POSITION.

BECAUSE YOU HAVE *TWO* TEAMS OF *X-MEN* FACING YOU NOW.

AND WE'RE NOT AS *NICE* AS THE *AVENGERS.*

OKAY, DAMN.

SOMETIMES VISOR BOY SAYS *JUS'* THE RIGHT THING.

I SEE.

SHOULDA *SPANKED* THIS'UN AND SENT HER PACKIN' *LAST* TIME WE MET.

AH AIN'T AFRAID OF YOUR RIFLE, WARDEN.

AND CYCLOPS IS RIGHT. THE AVENGERS COME HEAD-ON.

BUT *WE* CAN MESS YOU UP FROM *INSIDE.*

YOU GOT NO *IDEA* HOW HARD WE COME ON.

OH, BUT I *DO.*

MY BROTHER *DIED* BECAUSE OF TRASH JUST *LIKE* YOU.

AND *YOU* HAVE *NO IDEA* WHAT YOU'RE FACING HERE.

WARDEN.

THERE'RE TOO MANY OF US. TOO MUCH *POWER.*

IN TOO CONCENTRATED AN *AREA.*

I'M TRYING TO SAVE YOUR *LIVES,* MAYBE.

DON'T DO ME ANY *FAVORS.*

MUTIE.

MEET OUR FIRST *TRUSTEES.* SOON, WE'LL HAVE *DOZENS.*

INMATE BLOB, I WONDER IF YOU WOULD RECITE THE PLEDGE?

"I WAS BORN UNWORTHY AND AM PRONE TO EVIL.

"IT WAS NOT MY DOING. BUT I CANNOT BE SAVED.

"I AM A MUTANT AND THE SHAME OF OUR RACE."

EXCELLENT. AND ONE MORE THING.

"WE HAVE SARAH GAUNT INCARCERATED. YOU ***BROUGHT*** HER TO US, ROGUE."

IMAGINE IF ***SHE*** GOT LOOSE.

BUT I WILL AT LEAST GO DOWN FIGHTING.

YOU CAN'T SAVE THEM, XAVIER.

YOU CAN'T EVEN SAVE YOURSELF.

THAT IS PERHAPS TRUE, PHILLIP.

CYCLOPS. XAVIER'S *WON.* HE'S *WON.*

WELL, WARDEN.

YOUR BIG GUN SEEMS TO BE A *MISFIRE.*

OH, YOU POOR MUTANT *FOOL.*

HE'S NOT MY "BIG *GUN."*

"THE NETWORK OF SONIC-CANNON-EQUIPPED *SATELLITES* I HAVE ARE MY 'BIG GUN,' MR. SUMMERS.

"A VERY BIG GUN, *INDEED."*

I HAVE TWO LOCATIONS TARGETED FOR DEMOLITION AS WE *SPEAK.*

MAYBE YOU'VE HEARD OF THEM?

HAVEN, *LOUISIANA,* AND MERLE, *ALASKA.*

YOU'RE *BLUFFING.*

I WOULDN'T TRY ME.

"SUGAH."

SHALL WE SAY *AU REVOIR?*

YOU MAY TAKE McCOY AND THE LEE WOMAN. THAT'S ALL.

THE HELL IT *IS.*

WE'RE TAKING *ALL* OF OURS. WE'RE TAKING *CHARLES.*

ROGUE. ANNA MARIE.

SHE'S NOT BLUFFING. YOU HAVE TO GO.

SHE'LL *DO* IT.

NO. DAMMIT, *NO.*

I'M NOT LEAVING WITHOUT--

ROGUE.

IT'S NOT TO BE THIS TIME.

RECENT EVENTS HAVE SHOWN ME... TO MY ETERNAL REGRET...

...I'VE FAILED. I'VE HURT THE INNOCENT.

I BELONG HERE. TO ATONE FOR THOSE SINS.

YOU...YOU WERE THE FIRST. YOU *BELIEVED* IN ME.

I STILL BELIEVE IN YOU.

FROM ME.

MY X-MEN.

ILLYANA. DO IT.

SCOTT, ARE YOU *SURE?*

DO IT. BEFORE SHE CAN STOP YOU.

NO. WE CAN'T *LEAVE* HIM THERE!

IT'S WHERE HE *BELONGS,* ROGUE.

WE'LL GET THE REST OUT. I PROMISE.

TO *HELL* WITH YOUR PROMISES!

YOU'RE *LEAVING* HIM TO *ROT*. AND *WORSE!*

UNNGH!

GROW *UP*, ROGUE.

DON'T YOU THINK IT'S LONG *PAST* TIME?

CHÈRE, YOU GON' *KILL* DAT BOY IF YOU KEEP DIS GOIN'.

SCOTT, ENOUGH. YOU MADE YOUR POINT.

YOU WON.

GET US *OUT* OF HERE, REMY.

I CAN'T STAND THE *SMELL.*

I DO IT FOR YOU, *CHÈRE.*

BUT IT FEEL LIKE AN *ENDING.*

SCOTT, THEY BEAT THE BLUE *FUR* OFF ME. AND I *STILL* FEEL LIKE YOU HAD NO CHOICE.

THERE'S ALWAYS A CHOICE, HANK.

"IT'S JUST THAT SOMETIMES, BOTH OPTIONS *STINK.*"

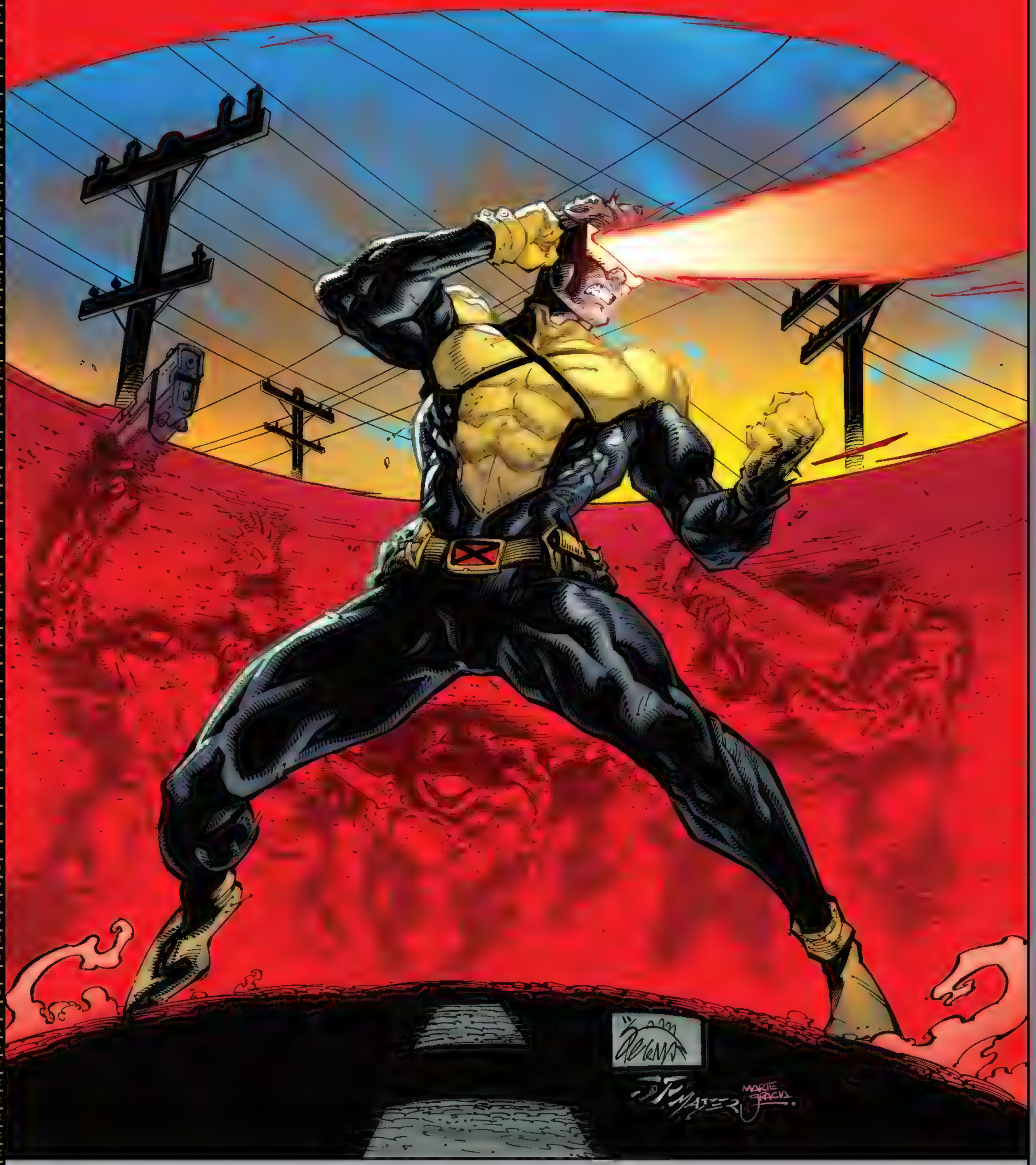
MA'AM, YOU DIDN'T TELL THEM ABOUT THE *REAL* BIG GUN.

INMATE X

DIDN'T NEED TO, CAPTAIN. BUT THEY'LL BE BACK. AND THEY'LL FINALLY *SEE* HIM.

THE LAST *AVIAN*...

X-MEN
#10



"BRINKMANSHIP"

THE FACTORY.
MERLE, ALASKA.

"WE ARE UNDER SIEGE."

THE FIELD TEAM'S ACTIONS AT GRAYMALKIN HAVE ELICITED A *RESPONSE.*

O*N*E IS HERE TO ARREST OUR COMRADES.

AND THE REST OF US, MOST LIKELY.

I WILL NOT ALLOW THAT.

ARE WE GOING TO *FIGHT* THEM?

OH GOD.

THEY'RE GOING TO FIND OUT I DIDN'T DIE IN SAN FRANCISCO...

I... I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT MY MUTANT POWERS *ARE--*

THE THREE OF YOU ARE NOT WARRIORS.

YOU MAY *YET* BE, BUT I WILL NOT SPEND MUTANT LIVES CARELESSLY.

XORN AND I WILL MEET O*N*E'S TROOPS.

GLOB, YOU WILL PILOT HENRY'S *QUINJET* AND TAKE BEN AND JENNIFER TO SAFETY.

YOUR POWERS DON'T *WORK*, MAGNETO.

YES. I HAVE R-LDS.*

BUT IT IS *MY CONTROL* OVER MY MUTANT GIFTS THAT HAS DETERIORATED.

THE POWER ITSELF IS AS STRONG AS EVER, MAYBE STRONGER.

I AM DANGEROUS AS EVER. IF NOT *MORE.*

YOU'LL DIE.

IT WOULD NOT BE THE FIRST TIME.

*RESURRECTION-LINKED DEGENERATIVE SYNDROME. --TOM

WHAT ABOUT THE AVENGERS?! LET'S CALL THE *AVENGERS!*

DIDN'T WE *JUST* MAKE AN ALLIANCE WITH THEM?*

*IN AVENGERS #21, STILL ON SALE! --TOM

I WILL NOT CALL UPON *OTHERS* TO FIGHT *MY WAR* FOR ME.

MY DIGNITY HAS SUFFERED MUCH LATELY. BUT THERE IS A *LINE.*

YOU *WANT* THIS.

TO GO OUT IN A *BLAZE* OF *GLORY.*

XORN, DON'T TELL ME *YOU* ACCEPT THIS. YOU'RE A *HEALER!*

I *SAVE* LIVES, BEN.

BUT I HAVE NO CLAIM OVER HOW THEY ARE *LIVED.* OR *ENDED.*

THEN *I'M* STAYING.

I'LL USE *MY* POWER. MANIFEST THE *ALIENS,* THE *SHIPS, ALL* OF IT. WE'LL SEE HOW O*N*E DEALS WITH *THAT--*

IT'S NOT GOING TO COME TO THAT.

WE'RE BACK.

XORN, HANK HAS BEEN BADLY BEATEN--PLEASE SEE TO HIM.

AND, MAGNETO...

...YOU ARE NOT ***PERMITTED*** TO DIE YET, DO YOU UNDERSTAND ME?

I ***ALWAYS*** HAVE A PLAN.

DO YOU HAVE A ***PLAN,*** SCOTT?

HELLIONS PROTOCOL IS ***ONLINE*** AS OF TWENTY MINUTES AGO.

NOW. LET'S OPEN A LINE OF COMMUNICATION.

THIS IS CYCLOPS, SPEAKING FOR THE X-MEN.

SEND IN AGENT LUNDQVIST, I WANT TO TALK.

*THIS A **TRICK,** SUMMERS?*

*YOU GOING TO SAY I **PROVOKED** YOU AS SOON AS I SET **ONE FOOT** ON FACTORY TERRITORY?*

I'M ***ALREADY*** FAR PAST ***PROVOKED,*** LUNDQVIST.

SO YOU'VE GOT NOTHING TO LOSE COMING IN FOR A CHAT.

"I'LL EVEN BUY YOU A *BEER.*"

SHORTLY.

WELL.

HERE I AM.

YOU READY TO SURRENDER?

FOR WHAT? DID WE HURT *YOU* OR *YOURS?*

DON'T GET CUTE. *YOU* AND *YOUR X-MEN* ATTACKED GRAYMALKIN PRISON WITH A GUNSHIP. SUMMONED WHAT I'M *TOLD* ARE *DEMONS.*

ABOUT THAT.

DAMAGED PROPERTY AND HURT EMPLOYEES.

BEER

AUGUST 2ND, 2002.

THAT SUPPOSED TO *MEAN* SOMETHING TO ME?

THAT WAS THE DAY THE *AMERICAN SERVICE-MEMBERS' PROTECTION ACT* WAS SIGNED INTO LAW.

WHICH IS *INFORMALLY* KNOWN AS THE "HAGUE INVASION ACT."

O*N*E SERVER FACILITY. CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

"YOU *KNOW* IT, OF COURSE.

"IT GIVES THE PRESIDENT THE POWER TO USE, AND I QUOTE:

"'ALL MEANS NECESSARY AND APPROPRIATE TO BRING ABOUT THE RELEASE OF ANY U.S. OR ALLIED PERSONNEL BEING DETAINED OR IMPRISONED BY, ON BEHALF OF, OR AT THE REQUEST OF THE INTERNATIONAL CRIMINAL COURT.'

"WHICH IS JUST AN ELABORATE *THREAT.*

"'IF YOU TAKE ONE OF **OURS,** REGARDLESS OF THE **REASON,** WE'RE GOING TO COME AND TAKE THEM **BACK.**'

KING BEDLAM.

JESSE BEDLAM.

BOOM-BOOM.

LOCUS.

FANTOMEX.

"ARE YOU A SHAKESPEARE GUY, LUNDQVIST?

"NO, OF COURSE YOU'RE NOT.

"*HANK* IS, THOUGH. THE *BEAST*, TO YOU.

"WHEN WE WERE KIDS, WE'D PULL PRANKS ON HIM NOW AND THEN.

"BUT HE ALWAYS GOT US *BACK*.

"GOT US BACK WORSE THAN WE EVER GOT HIM.

"AND HE *ALWAYS* QUOTED SHAKESPEARE AT US."

"THE VILLAINY YOU TEACH ME I WILL EXECUTE, AND IT SHALL GO HARD, BUT I WILL BETTER THE INSTRUCTION."

YOU GET HIT ON THE HEAD IN GRAYMALKIN, SUMMERS?

YOU'RE BABBLING.

YOU'RE NOT LISTENING.

THE ATTACK ON GRAYMALKIN? YOU TAUGHT US THAT VILLAINY, LUNDQVIST.

GRAYMALKIN TOOK ONE OF OURS, AND WE TOOK HIM BACK.

YOU'RE NOT THE U.S. GOVERNMENT, SUMMERS.

YOU CAN'T ACT AS IF YOU WERE.

SAYS WHO?

AND NOW YOU'VE COME FOR ALL OF US.

WELL? WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR?

JESSE, BOOM-BOOM...

...BURN IT *DOWN.*

WE HAVE A SCHEDULE TO KEEP.

THIS IS MOST *DISSATISFACTORY,* KING BEDLAM.

THERE WAS NOTHING TO *SHOOT.*

FANTOMEX, I'M *STILL* NOT SURE WHY YOU JOINED UP--

NOR AM I AT THIS VERY MOMENT, LOCUS.

--BUT I'M SURE WE'LL FIND *SOMETHING* FOR YOU TO SHOOT TONIGHT.

WE'VE GOT YOU DEAD TO RIGHTS.

YOU'VE GOT NOTHING IN THE TANK AFTER WHAT YOU DID AT GRAYMALKIN.

MAYBE.

BUT YOU DON'T HAVE ANY *SUPERHUMANS.*

TELL ME, WHAT DID THE *AVENGERS* SAY WHEN YOUR SUPERIORS ASKED *THEM* FOR *HELP* ON THIS OP?

DO YOU *SEE* ANY AVENGERS HERE?

WE ARE IN A STATE OF *COLD WAR,* LUNDQVIST, YOU AND I AND THE POWERS WE REPRESENT.

I DON'T *WANT* TO GO AGAINST THE GOVERNMENT. BUT *YOU'VE* COME TO ARREST ALL OF US ON BEHALF OF GRAYMALKIN, A *PRIVATE* ENTITY.

AN ENTITY THAT YOU AFFORD *OUTRAGEOUS LATITUDE* TO BECAUSE THEY'VE TAKEN THE *XAVIER PROBLEM* OFF THE GOVERNMENT'S HANDS.

SO THAT HAS TO BE *PAID FOR.*

YOU'VE PULLED A *KNIFE.*

I'VE PULLED A *GUN.*

BZZZ BZZZ

WHAT THE HELL--

--*CHICAGO?*

SENTINEL SQUAD O*N*E
SUPPORT HANGARS.
SPRINGFIELD, MISSOURI.

THIS ONE AIN'T SO *EASY.*

GOOD.

RIDING WITH YOUR LITTLE *INTRAMURAL LEAGUE* SEEMED TO PRESENT OPPORTUNITIES FOR *VIGOROUS SPORT,* BUT I HAVE BEEN EVER SO *DISAPPOINTED.*

I FEARED I'D LOSE MY *EDGE* WITHOUT *PRACTICE.*

FANTOMEX, HOW THE HELL ARE YOU KILLING SENTINELS WITH A PAIR OF *PISTOLS?*

ADAMANTIUM-JACKETED SLUGS? INTERPHASE AMMUNITION? ANTARCTIC VIBRANIUM BULLETS?

CALL IT A *TRADE SECRET,* JESSE.

ATTRIBUTE IT TO *STYLE.*

I THINK THIS FACILITY HAS BEEN *SUFFICIENTLY NEUTERED.*

THEY'LL BE SENDING *HUMAN* SUPPORT TROOPS, AND OUR CONTRACT STIPULATES NO *KILLS.*

CYCLOPS IS STILL PLAYING *NICE.*

YOU'RE *TOO USED* TO DOING BUSINESS WITH *RED HANDS,* CHRIS.

KING BEDLAM WHEN WE'RE IN THE FIELD, LITTLE BROTHER.

AND WE'RE THE *HELLIONS.*

"THAT NAME *MEANS* SOMETHING.

"AND THE SOONER YOU UNDERSTAND *WHAT,* THE *BETTER.*"

BURNED THE WHOLE *SERVER* FACILITY--

SO YOU'VE HEARD ABOUT *CHICAGO.*

WAIT UNTIL YOU HEAR ABOUT *SPRINGFIELD.*

YOU SENT *YOUR TEAM* OUT WHILE YOU FLAPPED YOUR JAW AT ME--

MY TEAM?

THEY'RE ALL HERE, IN THE FACTORY.

ANY... *DIFFICULTIES* THAT O*N*E MIGHT BE HAVING CERTAINLY HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH THE *X-MEN.*

DON'T *LIE* TO ME, *SUMMERS.*

I TOLD YOU THAT I WAS *PAST PROVOKED.*

NONE OF YOUR PEOPLE WILL BE KILLED. BUT THE DESTRUCTION OF *MATERIEL* WILL BE ASTRONOMICAL.

I AM MAKING A *POINT.*

AND MY AGENTS WILL *CONTINUE* TO MAKE A POINT UNTIL YOU AND YOUR MEN HAVE *LEFT ALASKA.*

EVERY MINUTE YOU STAY HERE, MORE OF O*N*E'S *OPERATING BUDGET* IS BEING EATEN UP WITH *REPAIR* AND *RESUPPLY.*

MORE OF O*N*E'S CAPABILITY TO *OPERATE EFFECTIVELY* WILL BE *ELIMINATED.*

THIS IS WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE WHEN YOU *PUSH* ME, LUNDQVIST.

O*N*E WATCH STATION.
BOULDER, COLORADO.

"THE VILLAINY YOU TEACH ME...

O*N*E COMMS HUB.
ABILENE, TEXAS.

"...I WILL EXECUTE.

O*N*E ARCHIVES.
NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.

"AND IT SHALL GO HARD, BUT I WILL BETTER THE INSTRUCTION."

CALL THEM OFF, SUMMERS.

NO. I'M FIGHTING FOR A *PLACE* IN THE *WORLD* FOR MY SPECIES, LUNDQVIST.

NICE FOR YOU. CALL THEM OFF, OR YOU WON'T LIVE TO SEE IT. YOU JUST DECLARED *WAR.*

I DON'T THINK YOU'RE *HEARING* ME. THIS? THIS ISN'T *WAR.* NOT A *HOT* ONE AT ANY RATE.

M.A.D., LUNDQVIST. YOU REMEMBER THAT? *MUTUALLY ASSURED DESTRUCTION.* *THAT'S* WHAT IT MEANS IF THE X-MEN AND THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT GO TO *WAR--REAL* WAR. LET ME *SPELL IT OUT* FOR YOU.

IF I AM MURDERED BY A FEDERAL AGENT OR OTHER PROJECTION OF GOVERNMENTAL FORCE, THEN IMPORTANT SECTIONS OF WASHINGTON, DC, WILL VERY SHORTLY *CEASE TO EXIST.* YOU'RE BLUFFING.

I'M NOT. YOU THINK I DIDN'T *PLAN* FOR *THIS?* I DON'T HAVE ANY NUCLEAR WEAPONS. BUT I *DO* HAVE MUTANTS.

HOW MUCH DAMAGE WOULD THE JUGGERNAUT DO IF DROPPED FROM ORBIT? OR IF XORN JUST TOOK HIS HELMET OFF AND EXPOSED THE STAR THAT MAKES UP HIS HEAD?

IF...IF THEY DO THAT, THEN THAT'S *IT* FOR MUTANTS.

IT WOULD BE *OPEN SEASON.* YOU'D BE EXTINCT IN A *YEAR.*

MAYBE. IF YOU COULD ORGANIZE A *RESPONSE* WITHOUT A *FUNCTIONING GOVERNMENT.*

HOW LONG UNTIL STATES BEGIN TO *SECEDE?* BEFORE *FOREIGN POWERS* COME SNIFFING AROUND, LANDING TROOPS TO RENDER "EMERGENCY AID" AND NEVER *LEAVING?*

BUT HEY, LIKE YOU SAID:

I WON'T BE AROUND TO SEE IT.

YOU'D KILL ALL THOSE PEOPLE?

THIS IS HOW BRINKMANSHIP *WORKS,* LUNDQVIST!

I'M MAKING YOUR CASE *FOR* YOU. SO YOU CAN TAKE IT BACK TO YOUR BOSSES AND TELL THEM THAT NO MATTER *HOW MUCH* THEY WANT TO *KILL ME--*

--AND I *KNOW* THEY DO--

--THAT IT'S NOT *WORTH* IT.

BECAUSE WHILE I'VE BEEN READY TO DIE FOR THE MUTANT CAUSE SINCE I WAS 14, AND *HAVE DONE SO SEVERAL TIMES*, *HERE'S* THE LONG AND THE SHORT OF IT:

IF *ANY* OF YOU HAVE ME *MURDERED*, THEN MY *WIFE* WILL KNOW, AND SHE WILL *GRIEVE.*

AND THEN THE *PHOENIX* WILL RETURN TO *EARTH* FOR *VENGEANCE*, AND I DON'T KNOW IF THE PLANET WILL *SURVIVE* THAT.

SO, YES, I *WILL* THREATEN TO DESTROY EVERY INSTITUTION OF THIS NATION, IF THAT'S WHAT IT TAKES TO GET YOU TO *LISTEN TO ME.*

BECAUSE I AM *LOOKING OUT FOR YOU.*

ALL OF YOU.

I'LL GO.

I'LL TELL THEM.

BUT YOU KNOW AS WELL AS I DO THAT THIS ISN'T OVER.

IT NEVER IS.

SO.

DO I REACH OUT TO JESSE BEDLAM AND TELL HIS BROTHER TO CALL OFF THE HELLIONS?

BEER

YES, PLEASE, QUENTIN.

...

DONE.

HE SAID TO REMIND YOU THAT ***KING BEDLAM*** WANTS WHAT HE'S OWED.

I'M WELL AWARE.

CHRIS AARONSON WANTS A ***VERY SPECIFIC HEAD,*** AND HE WANTS US TO ***DELIVER*** IT TO HIM.

WHO?

DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT FOR NOW.

...

...IS IT TRUE?

IF YOU DIE, WILL THE PHOENIX BURN THE WORLD?

SPECIFY.

I CAN'T RULE IT OUT.

YOU WERE HOST TO THE PHOENIX. YOU KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE.

SO WHAT DO WE ***DO*** IF YOU ***DIE?!***

IF I DIE, THEN THE X-MEN WILL HAVE TO ***STOP*** THE PHOENIX AGAIN. WHICH MEANS ***YOU,*** AS AN ***OMEGA TELEPATH*** AND ***FORMER HOST,*** WILL HAVE TO STOP THE PHOENIX.

COME ON, QUENTIN.

WHY DO YOU THINK ***YOU'RE*** ON ***MY*** TEAM?



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